

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
Fle rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as a female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe do what he may

The Cat will mew, a Dog will haue his day *Exit Hamlet,*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this sir, now shal you see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And prais'd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deep plots do fal, and that should learn vs,
There's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe making, so hold

Prince of Denmark

My feares forgetting manners
Their grand commission, whe
A royall knaury, an exact co
Larded wth many seuerall so
Importing *Denmarks* health, a
With hoe such Bugs and Gob
That on the superuise no leisu
No not to stay the grinding o
My head should be strooke of

Hor. It's possible?

Ham. Here's the commission,
But wilt thou heare now how

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-nette
Or I could make a Prologue
They had begun the Play, I
Deuis'd a new commission, w
I once did hold it as onr Stat
A basenesse to write faire, an
How to forget that learning
It did me yeomans seruice, v
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I good my Lord,

Ham. An earnest coniura
As *England* was his faithfull
As loue between them like r
As peace should still her wh
And stand a *Comma* tweene
And many such like, as sir of
That on the view, and know
Without debatement furthe
He should those bearers put
Not shriuing time allow'd.

Hor. How was this se

Ham. Why euen in that
I had my fathers signet in
Which was the modell of
Folded the writ vp in the f
Subscrib'd it, gau'th imp